The Midnight Hands

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/26671846.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Pre-Slash, Pre-Canon, Not Canon Compliant, Police Officer Will Graham, Dark Will Graham, Serial Killer Will Graham, First Meetings, Murder, Blood, Corpse Desecration, Corpse Art, Alternate Universe - Different First Meeting
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Killer Cop Will
Stats:	Published: 2020-09-27 Words: 2,506 Chapters: 1/1

The Midnight Hands

by MeteoraWrites

Summary

"He deserves to be eaten by the bears..." Will mutters after a long moment's silence, not expecting to be heard as he barely speaks above a whisper.

"Perhaps there is a way we can accommodate that?" Hannibal offers. He wants to see what this cunning boy has in mind after a statement like that. Even if it wasn't meant to be heard by Hannibal.

A slow grin spreads across his face and Will nods, letting his eyes briefly meet Hannibal's again before agreeing. "I would like that."

Notes

Alright, so this is the expanded version of my twitter fic for Killer Cop Will meeting Hannibal for the first time when getting rid of a body. This was written and edited while I streamed on Twitch.

ALSO! For context. WIll is 24 and Hannibal is 35 here. I've seen a lot of people write Hannibal as like 14 years older than Will and I'm more a fan of their age gap being a little closer to that of Mads and Hugh's. So I went with 10 1/2 to 11 years between them here.

See the end of the work for more notes

The first time Hannibal meets Will, it's the middle of a chilly fall night. He had already been at the campground for over an hour when the cop turned killer arrived. He had just finished creating his masterpiece, using the remains of his latest victim to recreate a more abstract piece of art he remembers from his youth when he heard the crunch of gravel under tires.

He makes his way towards the empty parking lot, sticking to the shadows of the treeline where he can safely watch, for now, fully prepared to kill whoever is foolish enough to come out here and disrupt his work. He has a knife in hand, sharp and glinting in the moonlight as he moves quickly to a place of observation off the main trail.

A dark-colored SUV parks close to the entrance of the trail, the engine left running as the driver hops out from behind the wheel. It's hard to tell at first, but he's young. Curly brown hair framing his youthful face nicely. He can't be any older than twenty-five from the looks of him. Hannibal briefly thinks it would be a shame to kill someone with such an angelic face. But the thought is fleeting.

The young man doesn't head for the trail right away as Hannibal had expected; instead turning and walking around to the back of the vehicle. There's the distinct metallic screech and thud of a tailgate being opened before something falls to the ground unceremoniously at the young man's feet.

It's clear from the sound alone that it's a corpse. Hannibal knows the sound quite well.

Curious, he watches the young man start to drag a very obviously beaten and bloodied body towards the trail that Hannibal himself has just come down. It leads through a lesser-used campsite, and beyond that is the nature preserve where a number of black bears roam throughout the year.

Followingly as silently as possible, Hannibal walks through the woods keeping a good fifty feet or so between himself and the mysterious young killer. They're drawing nearer to Hannibal's own victim's resting place. He's honestly a tad excited to see what the young man will do when he stumbles upon it.

Upon reaching the old campgrounds, Will drops his victim at his feet to look around the open expanse in awe. There are torches lit far off, casting a faint light upon what is most definitely a dead body hanging from a tree. It's not a suicide. Body suspended by its arms. Its head is detached. Resting on a small table nearby. It dawns upon him immediately that he's just stumbled upon a victim of the Chesapeake Ripper. He's seen the case files. Read the reports. He'd be a fool not to recognize the man's design at first glance.

Seeing the real thing, in person, is so much more stunning. It leaves Will's mouth agape and his eyes wide as he really takes in the details he can see from here. He becomes so absorbed he doesn't realize he's lost himself in imagining the Ripper staging the scene until an owl hoots nearby and snaps his mind back to reality.

Only then does he look back down at the body of his own victim. He had intended to stage the body by one of the nearby trail signs instructing people to not feed the bears or to hunt in

the area. He brought his knife to finish gutting the bastard and make his crimes clear to all for good measure. Content in the thought that the remaining bears in the area can make a meal of him after he illegally went hunting in the preserve and killed at least three bears and their cubs. The son of a bitch got off on a lack of solid evidence. All they had was a few blurry photos and remnants of bullets that couldn't be matched to any of the firearms that were confiscated in the investigation.

Biting his lower lip, Will wonders what he should do. He doesn't want to encroach on the ripper's territory or make it seem like he's trying to frame them or take credit for their work. He could find another area of the park to bring the body, but this is the only trail that goes anywhere near the bear's habitat...

The sound of a throat clearing from somewhere in the trees to his left has Will tensing and reaching for the gutting knife clipped to his belt. It's dark, but the moon above is full and the lights of his car just reach far enough down the path to give a bit of extra illumination.

A man steps slowly out from the trees with raised hands a moment later, a confident little smile on his lips. Will can make out his feature quite easily in the ambient light. Short slicked back light brown hair. Sharp eyes to match an equally sharp set of cheekbones. And what appears to be a full-body clear plastic suit over a very expensive looking dress shirt, slacks, and a vest that leads Will to believe it's part of a three-piece suit.

Will holds his knife but doesn't raise it in a display of threat or defense, studying the man, who studies him back in turn. There is no doubt in his mind he's face to face with the Chesapeake Ripper.

Hannibal had left his own knife back in the tree line. Feeling confident he can easily overpower the young man without it if needed. Now that he's closer, he can see that the younger man is only a tad shorter than himself. A faint mustache gracing his upper lip. He's got a face that undoubtedly suggests innocence and kindness. And perhaps he is both to a degree, but the battered body at his feet argues otherwise.

"May I offer some assistance?"

Asks a smooth, accented voice that sends a surprisingly pleasant chill down Will's spine.

Will studies him a moment before glancing quickly back to the scene the man created using his own victim's remains. The thought of the ripper helping Will dispose of his victim is... Exciting. Makes his body thrum with the kind of energy he normally only feels from a kill.

"What do you have in mind?" he asks as he clips the knife back to his belt and lets his posture relax ever so slightly. He finds himself watching the man's mouth. He still doesn't like eye contact, even with the newfound confidence killing has brought him. It's still so easy to get lost when he does. Never sure if he's feeling his own feelings or thinking his own thoughts. It's easier to just avoid contact altogether.

The man hums in thought before stepping a bit closer to inspect Will's victim, mindful to keep distance between the both of them. The young man gives off anxious energy that's hard to predict. Upon closer inspection, it's clear how badly beaten the victim is, face bloody and

unrecognizable, with a single jagged slice across his abdomen where Will got in the final blow. The sheer ruthlessness is breathtaking. There was no mercy in this kill.

Hannibal has seen the news, of course. Read about the killer who beats and then guts his victims before dumping them in elaborate poses having to do with their crimes in life. The media hasn't settled on a name for him, yet. Some call him the Baltimore Angel or Baltimore Saint for his budding reputation in killing only the wicked. He has no doubt this young man is the one behind those murders. That realization makes him wonder what crime the man committed that has his body being brought out here of all places.

"How do you feel about mosaic pieces?" he asks with a small smile. He could imagine quite a few ways to arrange this body. And from what he knows of this man's style, he might have a somewhat comparable imagination to Hannibal's own.

Will grins at the question and lets his eyes meet the other man's. They shine like polished amber in the moonlight, where Will's own take on an ethereal blue glow in turn from raising his chin at last.

"Are you suggesting dismemberment?" Will finds himself asking, still smiling. He's actually having a conversation with the ripper. And it's about what Will would like to do with his victim's body of all things. It's surreal.

The smile Hannibal offers back is genuine and broad. "Unless you had something already in mind? Far be it from me to interfere with another man's vision."

Will seems to consider the suggestion a moment, eyes flitting back down to watch Hannibal's mouth again. Looking in his eyes doesn't feel so intense as looking in others, which surprises him a little. Whenever he's looked in the eyes of a killer while working as a cop, he's felt the malice and boiling desire and rage crackling under their skin. He isn't getting that from the ripper. Instead, he feels oddly calm when looking in those sharp amber eyes.

"He deserves to be eaten by the bears..." Will mutters after a long moment's silence, not expecting to be heard as he barely speaks above a whisper.

"Perhaps there is a way we can accommodate that?" Hannibal offers. He wants to see what this cunning boy has in mind after a statement like that. Even if it wasn't meant to be heard by Hannibal.

A slow grin spreads across his face and Will nods, letting his eyes briefly meet Hannibal's again before agreeing. "I would like that."

Hannibal gestures for Will to pick up the body by the shoulders as he himself steps forwards to grab the ankles. Between the two of them, it's easy enough to hoist and carry Will's victim down the far path that leads into the preserve.

Neither man speaking as a strange sort of silent understanding forms between them. They go much farther into the preserve than Will had initially planned. Bypassing the sign he originally had in mind in favor of going all the way to the warning sign that rests dangerously close to the caves several bears are known to reside in.

The warning sign is large. Much larger than the one Will originally had in mind, and they can easily lay Will's victim atop it. Once in position Will grabs the knife that is clipped to his belt once more. Hannibal hadn't paid it much mind before, but now he can clearly make out the curved blade of a fisherman's gutting knife.

Hannibal steps back and watches Will cut into his victim with a quiet concentration that makes him look totally at peace. There's a clear image in his mind of what he wants to do with his victim now that he has him where he wants him and he makes it a reality with only a few well-placed cuts.

The sign has a section noting it is illegal to hunt in the preserve and that those caught breaking the law will be prosecuted. Will dons a pair of latex gloves before using the slowly thickening blood that now lazily runs down the sign to smear a streak under that section. Highlighting it's meaning.

Once everything is arranged to Will's liking, he turns and gives Hannibal a sidelong glance before inclining his head towards the trail. Silently letting the other killer know he's done with his work.

He allowed himself a long moment to take in and enjoy the younger man's artistry before he nods in agreement. Hannibal turns and the two walk back side by side, they don't ever get close enough to touch, but their presence is felt at each other's side nonetheless. Neither man speaks yet again. Both feeling content in what they've accomplished here.

Will can still feel the energy crackling under his skin. It makes his fingers twitch at his sides. He has the overwhelming urge to touch the other man as they make the long walk back to the parking lot. He resists. The ripper may have just helped him, but that doesn't make them friends… Not that he thinks he would ever want to be friends anyway.

Before they part ways in the parking lot, Hannibal steps close enough to slip a card into Will's pocket. It has his private number and his first initial. He doesn't think the young man will call. But he hopes he does. There's something unusual about him. Alluring. It makes him long to get to know the younger man better. He already knows so much of his mind just from watching what he's done tonight and he wants to know more.

Hannibal stops at the edge of the trail, watching Will quickly clean up and toss his bloody gloves, knife, and jacket into the back of his SUV. The nervous energy about him is much more obvious now. As are the bruises and scrapes on his bare knuckles. The sight draws Hannibal in, and he slowly reaches out a hand for one of Will's own.

The younger man freezes and watches as his hand is taken by one no longer covered in plastic. It sends a spark through his skin as they touch and he takes in a sharp breath and has to avert his gaze as his hand is raised and the damage is inspected by those keen eyes.

"You should take better care not to injure yourself in the future," Hannibal chides softly. It's clear these aren't all fresh marks he's observing. The young man having used his bare hands to subdue his victims every time.

Swallowing hard, Will forces himself to glance at Hannibal once again. He can feel heat creeping into his cheeks and the tips of his ears at the attention. His embarrassment must show because his hand is let go a moment later and they once again stand with a respectable distance between them.

“Thank you, for the help…” Will says slowly, gauging Hannibal’s reaction to his words as he says them. There’s a flicker of something Will can’t read in the man’s eyes that makes him want to speak with him more. But he knows how foolish that could be. Chit-chatting.

“You are most welcome,” Hannibal replies a moment later. A faint smile gracing his features as he steps back and nods towards Will’s waiting vehicle. Signaling that he understands the younger man must go now.

With one last glance over his shoulder, Will climbs behind the wheel and drives away.

Hannibal waits in the calm quiet of night a while longer before making his way to where his own car is hidden away. As he drives home his mind plays over the events of the evening. He finds himself hoping the young man with the soft curls and merciless hands crosses his path again some day soon.

Little does he know Will is thinking almost exactly the same about him as he drives back home with a wicked little smirk playing across his features.

End Notes

I hope you all enjoyed that as much as I enjoyed writing it! Please feel free to let me know what you think <3

Feel free to Check out my Tumblr and send a drabble prompt if there's a list currently available <3

Or you can follow me on Twitter for more fandom related fun!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!